

COTTON CLOUD

All Round the World
The Revolution
LAW CHANGING POLLS
REGISTERED JUNE 1888.

AN OFFICIAL GAZETTE OF THE SALVATION ARMY CANADA

VOL. IV. No. 168.

TORONTO, CANADA, JANUARY 14TH, 1888.

PRICE 5 CENTS.

Christmas at Lippincott.

OPENING OF THE NEW TRAINING HOME AND BARRACKS.

WELSH MINISTER.

There are contained in a fine substantial building in Lippincott street at the site of the old barracks. Down in the basement there is a good accommodation room for banquets and prayer-meet-

Sorubology and Muscular Christianity

There is also attached a fine suite of rooms for the use of the Divisional Officer as a home and Divisional Headquarters and other accommodations and necessary cooking and washing rooms, and apartments used in culinary and laundry work attached to the domestic arrangements of the various families and companies of officers and cadets proposed to be located in the office.

Christmas Day
was the fixed time for the opening service, and as it fell upon Sunday this year a good opportunity was given to the soldiers

night services especially it was packed. The troops mustered early Sunday morning for a united Holiness meeting.

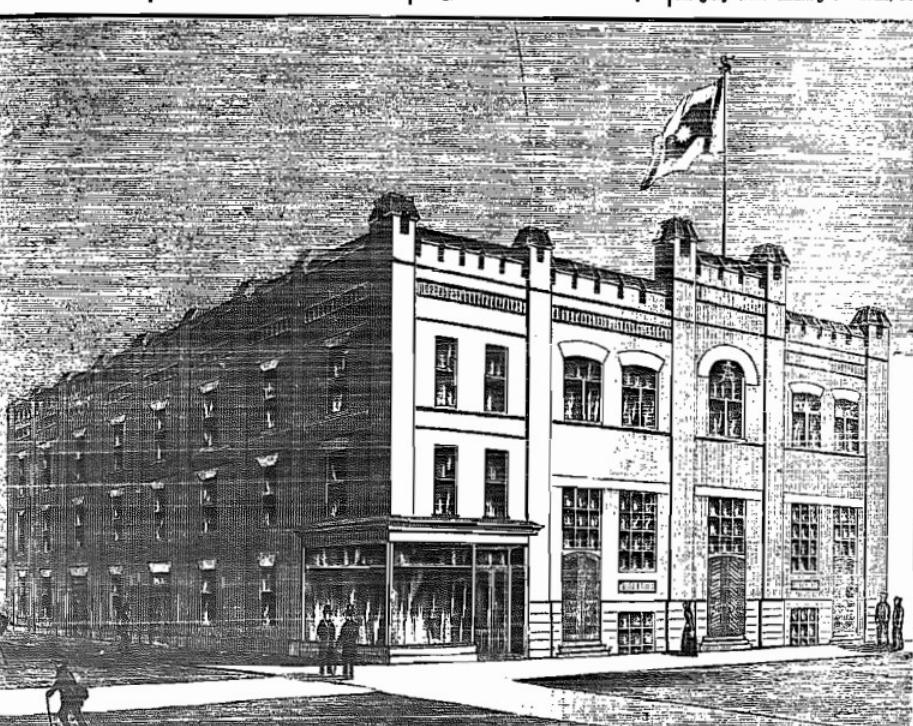
Your correspondent had the pleasure of joining No. 1 of Richmond street, who were coming full tilt at the enemy, and fell in the rear of the Temple corps on College street, who were also swinging along to the sound of sweet music and drums, everybody in full uniform and full colors, and full of enthusiasm for the opening of Lippincott Street New Barracks.

The Meetings.

When we arrived the place was rapidly filling, the Commissioner had already ac-

of the opening of God's Temple by Solomon. "When all the children of Israel saw how the fire came down and the glory of the Lord upon the house they bower themselves with their faces to the ground upon the pavement and worshipped and praised the Lord saying, 'For He is good for His mercy endures forever.'"

Soon the soldiers are fixed, the audience is quieted, and the Commissioner's voice is again raised in a devotional tone as he announces "We will commence our meeting with a song from the War Cry," and No. 2 went with a swing, after which several comrades engaged in prayer, and the glory came thrilling our souls, God



TRAINING HOME FOR LASSES AND NEW BARRACKS, LIPPINCOTT STREET, TORONTO.

The large hall is a good spacious, well-ventilated auditorium for about a thousand people, and the platform is well adapted for the local service. Above the hall of this fine hall are a suite of rooms for the use of the new Training Home for females previously occupied at the former Depot. The female Home will be well adapted for the intended course of training, and the floors at the present time give ample opportunity and scope in

and friends to show their appreciation by their attendance at Divine service in the new barracks.

It is a building that has been prayed over—the soldiers, officers, staff-officers, D. Os., Majors and Commissioner and many warm friends have all supplicated the throne in its behalf, and we felt in it the influence and spirit of prayer as we listened to and engaged in the services on Sunday the 25th, and altogether they were dedicatory services as blessed as they were well attended. On Sunday all day there was a full house, and at afternoon and

evening and was on the platform engaged in one of his happy preliminary addresses, and when we had entered we heard thunderous volleys from outside, and the Commissioner inside putting the audience through some vigorous exercises in the shape of singing, shouting and volley firing till, with the roar without and the response within, they seemed to try the new building's walls and the ceiling, and it was altogether a scene very suggestive of the

Storming of Jericho,

but, thank God, more so of the great day

drew near and we enjoyed the sweet blessing of His seal upon our devotion and worship, and as our souls drew near to the throne the immediate presence of the Jehovah filled our hearts with holy fire till the place to us that were saved was no other than the very gate of Heaven.

Another song of salvation and the Commissioner called upon the Chief-of-Staff to open with his testimony; he said that he had taken the hint from some one that it was possible to live in a forsaken Edom, that there appeared to be a forsaken tree

(continued on page 4.)



Composed Expressly for the WAR CRY.

1 Tell Them All.

CPT. MRS. MOTTABERED.

"Tell me all about it."

TELL to the drunkard you meet every day,
That Jesus is able to wash sins away;
And take to him from the madding crowd,
So bright and fair! So bright and fair!

And give peace and pardon unto the soul,
 conceal.
Tell it again, tell it again,
Salvation stands ready for us and our sons;
Tell none can say of the children of men,
Nobody ever has told it before.

Tell to the harlot you meet on the street
That there is sweet comfort at Christ's bleeding feet;
And He will give grace in trying hour,
And you will ne'er fall if kept by His power.

Tell to the moralist, "Be not deceived,"
There'll be no room in Heaven until you're dead;

The Blood of the Lamb applied to your heart,
So come along quickly and choose the good part.

Tell to all sinners wherever you meet,
They'll find joy and pardon at the mercy seat;

Invite them to Jesus who cleanses from sin,

For the Saviour will save them He bids them "come in."

2 My Testimony.

STAFF-CAPT. BROWN.

"To the Word to do as done."

FOR years I wandered on in sin

And would not pray or think,

Until the Holy Ghost revealed

That I was on hell's brink.

CHORUS.

Praise the Lord, my soul is free,
Jesus' blood now cleanses me;

Though I was in a slave,

Praise the Lord I'm nicely saved.

Thee at the cross for liberty,

From sin I hardly cried;

My prayer was heard, my soul was saved,

And I was justified.

The Blood of Jesus cleanses me,

My sins are washed away;

The chains are gone, my soul is free,

My right is changed to day.

I'll spread the news where's it go,

Salvation full and free;

And tell to all the world below,

What Christ has done for me.

CHORUS.

CART. MANUEL.

Two—From my weary heart the burden relieves

Me, my spirit leaps up like a bird.

IT'S the tender voice of Jesus that you hear,
Breathing sweetly, softly on your ear;
Saying weary, wandering pilgrim, "Twas for thee
That I shed my blood on Calvary.

CHORUS.

Then come I, come to Jesus while you may,
Come away, come away;
It's the Saviour now invites you, do act
away.

Come away, come away.

You have often heard the story of His love,
How for you He left His home above;
But your heart was dark and hardened
with your sin;

You refused to let the Master in.

Still, to-day the Lord is knocking at your heart,
Haste and open led He should depart;
Once He goes in, vain for money you may call,
Nothing left but misery that is all.

4 My Home.

M. A. KINGSTON.

"I've worked my robe."

NO wish have I for earthly fame,

Nor pleasures passing vanity;

My soul has found there but a name,

And seeks a mansion in the sky.

CHORUS.

Will you be there? Yes, I'll be there;

I'll be there? They're choices share;

That glorious home? Their glorious home;

So bright and fair? So bright and fair!

That last is not so far away;

A veil will lift from my eyes;

Soon to bright immortal day.

My world-foul soul shall gladly rise.

The King my Saviour and my God,

So noble, patient, kind and true;

Has there a home? Was bought by blood;

For homeless ones, for me and you.

5 Come Now.

G. MC'DOWELL.

"We're here to help."

THERE was the cross thy Saviour hung;

There lies His blood and died;

The nails were driven through His hands,

The spear thrust in His side.

CHORUS.

Then come while Jesus waits,

(repeat three times.)

He's waiting now for you.

The blood that doused on Calvary

Was for thy ransom paid;

That you from sin might be set free,

His life freely gave.

The happiness is what you want,

You want the Saviour's love;

It's only found at Jesus' feet,

So seek it now right here.

Don't wait for a convenient day,

Thy burden on Him roll;

Just come in simple trusting faith,

And you shall be made whole.

CHORUS.

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ROME.

The "War Cry" in the Eternal City—
Amongst the Gamblers—Knickers
Want Justice—A Cheeky Tough

—The Devil's Duplicitous—
Distinguished Visitors
Called an Usual

BY MARK VINT.

The War Cry is now fairly being sold all over the city, and our scrapes and successes are well interesting and novel. Here we have a splendid sale at a great national lottery on the Piazza Navona, one of the largest places in Rome, and so call the attention of some of the thousands of gamblers to the claims of God Almighty. Another day we stop in a tiny piazza; scores of people swarm out of the houses like bees. One magnificently fellow, more ready, calls out, "Grido di Guerra," shouting. Of course the folks laugh and so did we, and have an excellent sale. Now we cross the river. Frequently the priests buy us. Some say, "Oh, here is the Salvation Army," and others solemnly stop, carefully pull out their purse, and extract the requisite "gabe." Sometimes people point and laugh, but we never permit ourselves, nor, as far as we can help it, any one else, to be so unchristlike as to ridicule them. This time comes up, however, who does not know or understand us, and pictures us as "the people who offer us to God to ransom and tell him what he does not know us. He declares that we ought to save the Pope's authority, and harangues the crowd and goes away. Returning, however, he takes a Grido, and says we go to him. We say, "Yes, we do." And tell him that the times are changed, that we are in the right, and buy scores of copies from us. May God bless him, and them, too!

Here in the Corso I get run in once more—but this time on account of the name of the paper. A few days ago I was walking round the laces, telling them of my faith and buying the heliotrope paper in fine style, until I came back, after an admonishment, it can hardly be expected that the devil will interfere. Your captain gets a black in the face for it, and I am told he goes to a sort, and later on a smash in the face from some swashbuckler.

"This is evangelical stuff," screeds a fat woman, as she tears one up before my face in a mad rage! I said, "It is the Salvation Army's War Cry." A curious crowd soon gathered, and the woman, with a fit of rage, and walled home full of joy, and praising God with all our hearts. Just time for a snack, and away to the meeting to face a howling mob, and yet without fear of trouble, heart, and confidence of victory in the Lord.

We attended several meetings of goldsmiths going to Africa, and sold over 500 copies amongst the waiting spectators. I heard about a very earnest Catholic lady there who said she loved the Army, and had been much pleased and blessed at the Salvation meetings.

In the "Ghetto"

we had a splendid sale; these people are mostly Jews, but they bought the Grido Guerrera readily. In this place the people of all creeds and sects are gathered together, and came through the jealously guarded gates, and they had a hard humiliating life of it, sometimes enduring much persecution.

On Saturday night we had a fearful sale in the hall with a band of the vielle

of roughs. One of our sisters was very roughly handled, and when tried to defend her was thrown out, and a second and all rushed out after him. We trembled for the poor fellow's safety, and soon had to fear for our own. With difficulty we cleared the hall, and with roughs back and front, and the band of the devils outside, it trap. They followed us part of the way home howling, hissing and whistling, and one traitor came behind me with a big stone, but God was over all.

An important point with Jesus is to keep friends. A man, who obviously two nights before, had been beaten up, and was among my boys in with a big stone, sits down in a sympathetic tone why the police don't come and quell the disturbances, and what I am going to do. He for his part really thinks we ought to be protected, and so does the rest of us. But we think of doing. Of course, the dear fellow would not tell us if he had a chance.

A Specimen of an Italian Rough's Check!

We have got the police to come. The leader of the roughs comes in, recognizes my name, and asks me to sit down. I sit down, and take him to show him the place in the War Cry out of which we are singing, and waits at his hand, some thirty or forty strong, to keep quiet.

"My dear sir," says a skeleton leader, "we will trouble you no more. I am your friend no more, but still, I can tell you, there are still many who are with us," and he affectionately shook hands. The real fact was the police were there that night. We are just now having a hard fight for order in the meetings, organized difficulties, and the like. We have got our friends again, but many of people who otherwise love the Army and its principles. We have to fight; but we feel sure God will give us the victory in the long run. We ourselves, hardly know it is odds against us, but we are fighting for justice, and have to put trust God in the last.

The unscripted story, the particulars of encouragement, and force that lies

in opposition to our progress would make an interesting chapter indeed.

There is a tremendous row, roughs, fighting at both ends. A great general assembly, by the hand of the Holy Ghost, and almost, and almost tensely, as his great black eyes look into mine. It is no go, however. I remember his face, and remind him. Just a little grin in the corner of his eye, and a smile, as though as one of a small fry of the Salvation Army, the thought of it is a bit of a shock. His temperance is cleverly put out, and he is simply a scoundrel. Whilst on the one hand it seems abominable that a respectable schoolboy should be capable of such palpable delinquency, on the other hand, it is equally bad that this sort of falsehood and cruelty is a common thing. It is so different to the frank, open, loyal spirit that seems a lie and which one world expect to find in the young. Poor lad! they are brought up to it, and it is a terrible thing to see. God specially break all those others of us, too, and on all of us we are like brothers. And we, we could not help in laughing, as we were of life, and our parents are empty."

I spoke to him of a Savior who had come to meet him, and who could give him the victory over drunkenness and all sin, and then I asked him if he would join us. I have no parents. I was a good workman; but you know what our habits are: I go out in the evening, I meet them, we go in a pub, drink one glass, then two, and so on! we are like brothers. And we, we could not help in laughing, as we were of life, and our parents are empty."

Anyhow the devil would not take so much trouble for nothing, and so we sing and "Go on to God" to victory!

Remembering the words of our beloved teacher, our hearts concluded in the field all round the world, we wrestle and fight on. Frequently we have the hall.

Jammed Inside and Scores Outside Listening eagerly, and buying the "War Cry" and singing with us.

Many hearts are moved toward us. Many admit and love the truth, and also many, many, like Nicolaus of Myra, see and love the truth, but bound by fear, enfeebled by the tyranny of superstition, fear to boldly live and speak the truth.

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Remembering the words of our beloved teacher, our hearts concluded in the field all round the world, we wrestle and fight on. Frequently we have the hall.

And in listening to him, in feeling the fresh strengthenings, air, that comes from the heights of a life entirely dedicated to God, and delivered from these chains and hindrances of sin, I thanked God for our beloved Salvation Army, which has shown the way of this heroic life, and I asked God to make me more and more one of the people, to see and understand it as it is.

FACTS FROM THE FIGHT

—IN—

SWITZERLAND.

BY ALVIN PEYRON.

The Spirit of God is working in a remarkable way in Switzerland just now, especially in Geneva. We felt His power in the meetings which have just taken place at our friend's, Mde. de Gingins.

Souls saw on what conditions they could obtain this entire deliverance from sin, for which every child of God longs; give up everything to God—body, soul and spirit, entire position, reputation, friendships, habits and comfort—in one word,

"lose our life," and give up our will. This is the only way—become free from sin, to obtain this happiness, without which no man shall see God; this rest under the shadow of the Almighty; this dwelling in the house of the Lord, which is the only life that the child of God ought to live, and the only state in which God can make us live.

These thoughts were presented in the light of God, and many a heart bursting after hearing received them and took them as the rules of life during these meetings.

The influence of God's Spirit is also felt in the Salvation meetings. I took part in one of these meetings in Geneva, and at the end of nearly every meeting souls came forward to get saved; already, a great many young men had given themselves to God in the preceding meetings, and I could now see the happy faces of the converts, and the joyful expressions of the ones remaining, and what expression in the hall! Oh, how glad God is to draw these souls to Him, and to give them the opportunity to come in contact with Him!

GENEVA, LAUSANNE, VEVEY.

I cannot forget a young man that I saw in the hall at Lausanne. He looked and I saw him in the hall at Geneva, and he was a saint for weeks. We feel sure that the divine prayer and faith which has been exercised with such blessed results in the case of Staff-Capt. Eva will be available in this emergency and we believe this is God's happy results.

Staff-Capt. Horstens has been present

and also as Chief of Staff to Colonel Thürmann in Africa. Capt. Henry Wellman, late Penobscot Doctor, is present.

Staff-Capt. Horstens has been Colonel Thürmann's A.D.C. Staff Captain and he accepts charge of the work in Zürich under Colonel Thürmann.

Colonel Clitheroe sends cheering news

from France. Two years have not been consecrated for the field in the Val d'Isère, but, being the second detachment of the session.

The hall in Paris is crowded weekly to overflowing, and hold the people actually increases.

A good work is being done in Lyons, the best in the last of the revolutionary quarter, anarchist and political despots are getting saved.

In Switzerland great difficulty is experienced in getting souls. Officers have to start a school in their own homes, and then fight eight hours a day, until the time of the harvest comes, when we are still

in the field to get a crop in.

Two officers noticed an aged man often standing and listening at their open meetings. During their visitation they came across the old man, and found him to be a simpleton. He looked at his past life, which had been terribly black. Early in life he had been highly respected, but through drink he lost his position and became a vile sinner, doing lives poor and servitude for a crime he committed; however, our officers pointed him to Jesus and he was found pure.

And in listening to him, in feeling the

those violent ones who take the kingdom of heaven by force. Two days later I was sent to Vevey, called there by a friend, who has received great blessings through the Army, and I held two meetings, helped in Staff-Capt. Combe, who is resting there.

In the salvation meeting several souls gave themselves to God.

At Geneva the Lord has spoken to the Christians, who now begin to make up the Army. "I bring to you my sons, and a dear sister, we will never be too soon to drive the devil out of the place, and I could not have said it three months ago."

* * *

OPENING OF ROMA.

Speaker, the king of all Rome! At Geneva, the opening of a hall at Romont, a speaker, and a few others, thank God, are going to open a house in the near future. At Lausanne, a few others, thank God, good salvation meetings. The Lord draws still some souls to Him.

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Speaker, the king of all Rome! At Geneva, the opening of a hall at Romont, a speaker, and a few others, thank God, are going to open a house in the near future. At Lausanne, a few others, thank God, good salvation meetings. The Lord draws still some souls to Him.

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DIVISIONAL REPORT.

London and Stratford. Division.

We are happy in Jesus

LONDON, CAPT. LANGLEY.

We are happy in Jesus

CAPT. WHITEHORN.

We are happy in Jesus

CAPT. FRANKEN.

We are happy in Jesus

CAPT. HARRISON.

We are happy in Jesus

CAPT. DAWSON.

We are happy in Jesus

